

The Tragedy of Hamlet

O God *Horatio*! what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou didst euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this?

*A march a
farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Os. Young *Fortinbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
Th' embassadours of England giues this warlike volly.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,

The potent poyson quite ore-growes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from England,
But I do prophesie the election lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him with th' occurants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Hra. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
And flight of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drumme come hether?

Enter Fortinbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortin. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fortin. This quarry cries on hauock, O proud death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloudily hast strooke?

Embas. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandement is fulfilld,
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldenstirne* are dead,
Where should wee haue our thanks?

Hora. Not from his mouth
Had it th' ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since to iump vpon this bloody question

Prince of Denmark

You from the *Pollock* warres, and you fr
Are heere arriued, giue order that these
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let mee speake, to th' yet vnknowin
How these things came about; so shall y
Of cruell, bloody and vnnaturall acts.
Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaug
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for n
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
False on the inuenters heads: all this ca
Truely deliuer.

Fort. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me with sorrow I embrace my fortune
I haue some rights of memory in this k
Which now to claime my vantage doth
Hora. Of that I shall haue also cauf
And from his mouth, whose voyce wil
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, lea
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stag
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prooued most royall; and for
The souldiers musique and the right o
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as thi
Becomes the field, but heere shoues r
Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

FINIS.

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